Too neare vnto my ſtate: therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddie mindes
With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is vtterly denied me:
How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

Prince You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be,
Which I with more then with a common paine,
Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintaine. *enter Lancaſter.*

King Looke, looke, here comes my Iohn of Lancaſter.

Lanc. Health, peace, and happineſſe to my royall father.

King Thou bring'ſt me happineſſe and peace ſonne Iohn,
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare withered trunke: vpon thy ſight,
My worldly buſines makes a period:
Where is my lord of Warwicke?

Prince My Lord of Warwicke.

King Doth any name particular belong
Vnto the lodging where I firſt did ſwound?

War. 'Tis cald Ieruſalem, my noble Lord.

King Laud be to God, euen there my life muſt end.
It hath bin propheſide to me many yeares,
I ſhould not die, but in Ieruſalem,
Which vainely I ſuppoſde the Holy Land:
But beare me to that chamber, there ile lie, *Enter Shallow,*
In that Ieruſalem ſhall Harry die. *Falſtaffe, and Bardolfe*

Shal. By cock and pie ſir, you ſhal not away to night, what Dauy I ſay?

Falſt. You muſt excuſe me maſter Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuſe you you ſhall not be excuſde, excuſes ſhall not be admitted, there is no excuſe ſhall ſerue, you ſhall not be excuſde: why Dauy.

Dauy Here ſir.

Shal.